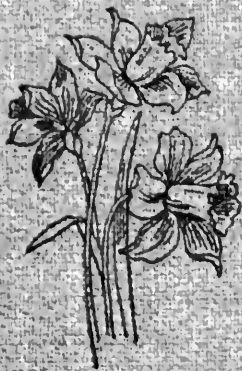
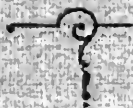


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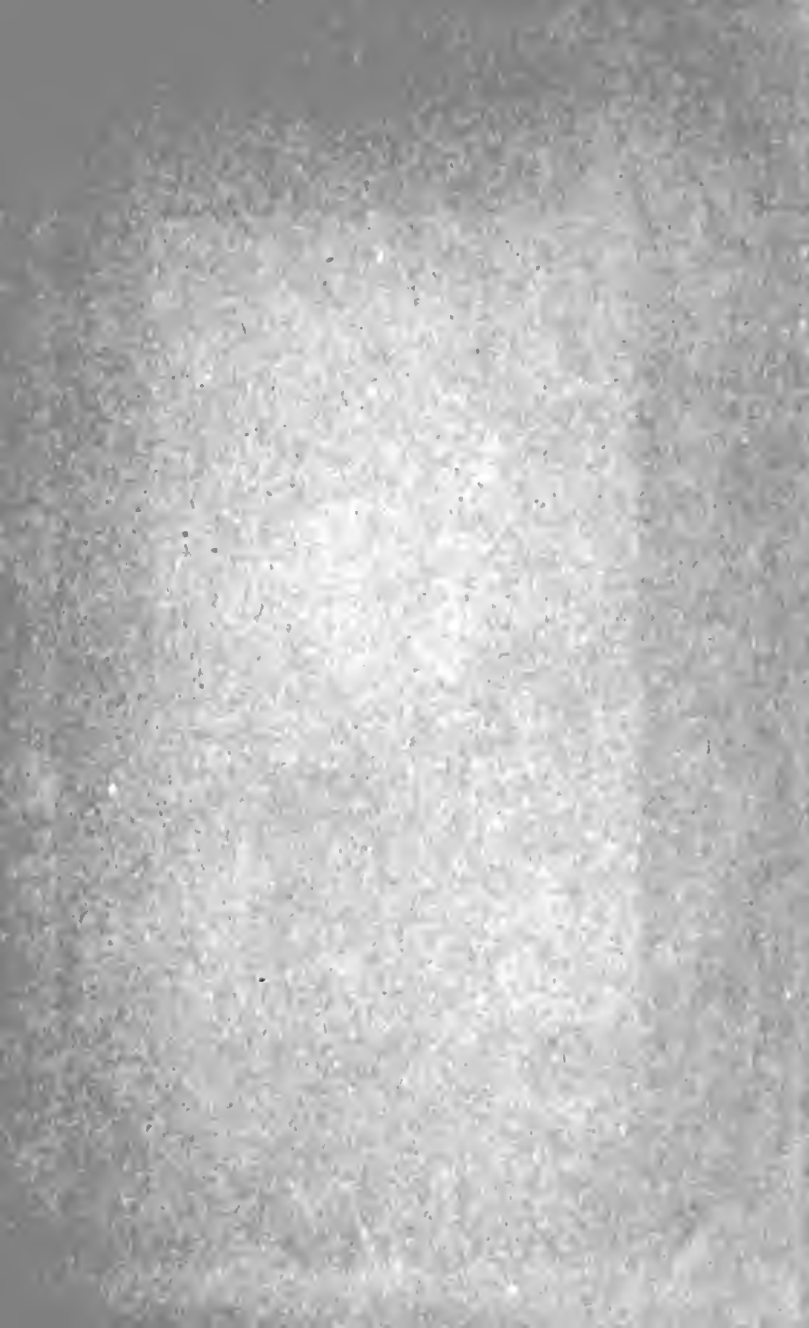
hoses and Pictures



R. H. Thomas, M.D.



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ECHIOES AND PICTURES

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ECHOES AND PICTURES

BY

RICHARD H. THOMAS

London

JAMES NISBET & CO.

21 BERNERS STREET

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ECHOES AND PICTURES

ECHOES AND PICTURES

THE STAR AND SONG

GLAD the angels' song and clear,
Sung at midnight, loud and near ;
Only waiting shepherds hear.

Other shepherds on the height
Watch their sleeping flocks to-night ;
Nought they see but starry light.

See in heaven's splendour shine
Yon new star. What means the sign ?
Only three wise men divine.

Frightened Herod scans the sky,
All around and low and high ;
Nothing strange can he descry.

Minds intent on earthly things,
Feeding sheep, or plots of kings,
Hear not what the angel sings :

Hear not, though the star and song
Ever float above the throng,
And to all alike belong.

Sweetly still to those who hear
Sings the song its message clear ;
Rise, behold your Saviour near.

Soft the starlight, yet its ray
Grows, and leads thee on thy way,
Towards the goal of perfect day.

Leave thy selfish life behind,
Be to earthly signals blind ;
Else the star hath vainly shined.

Leave thy sheep. Arise to-night ;
Haste, the song will lead aright ;
Tarry not for morning light.

Follow, unto him they bring,
Him from whom they shine and sing,
Even unto Christ, thy King.

There behold his manger bed.
See, no glory crowns his head,
Song and star, how have you led ?

“ We have led thee, and are gone,
But we leave thee here with One
Who is chastened and alone.

“ Fear not, trust him. This is he
Who will ever succour thee,
Who thy song and star shall be.

“ Still above earth’s ceaseless din
Thou shalt hear his song within,
Still his light will lead from sin.

“ In his strength shalt thou be strong,
Share his light and join his song,
Both shall unto thee belong.

“ Forth through thee to men shall shine,—
Partly human, part divine,—
His glory, that he maketh thine.

“ Christ, thy changeless strength and stay,
Christ, thy song and joy for aye,
Christ, thine everlasting day.”

THE ANSWER

GIVE me thy living water, for I thirst !
And thou repliest, " Give thyself to me,
Let me be thy one love, the last, the first,
And living waters shall spring up in thee."

The world is very near me, precious, sweet,
And thou, O Lord, thou art so very high,
The voice of human lips I love to greet,
I understand the human smile and sigh ;

But thee I understand not, nor can climb
Up to thy height of glory and of peace,
I cannot grasp thy calmness so sublime,
Where all the waves of human passion cease.

" Fear not, my child, canst thou not hear my voice?
I made thee and I made this earth for thee,
That when it smiled thy spirit might rejoice,
That thou shouldst joy in human sympathy ;

“ And in thy pleasure I receive thy praise,
For in thus joying thou dost joy in me ;
Dost thou not see me in the changing days ?
Do not the starry heavens preach to thee ?

“ And I have talked to thee with human lips,
And pictured forth myself in human deeds,
That no vain wisdom might my love eclipse,
Or I be lost in maze of human creeds.

“ Dost thou need simpler words than his who spake
As village carpenter in humble guise,
Who felt his heart with human sorrows break,
Who taught, as God, eternal mysteries ?

“ Dost thou need human love, go look to him,
And see his suffering and love combine ;
His cup of love is flowing to the brim,
Divinely human, humanly divine.

“ I made this earth for thee, but earth and men,
Thou knowest well, must fail to satisfy,
I gave them thee to lead thee on, and then
To show thee joys that nevermore can die.”

THE NATIVITY

'Tis ever new, the birth of Christ,
 Though only once in manger mean
That one all-perfect infant face,
So full of unimagined grace,
 By yearning human love was seen ;

Though only once in outward form
 He walked as brother by our side,
Though only once in sore distress,
Sinless, he knew sin's bitterness,
 And was in weakness crucified.

Yes, only once, but yet enough :
 Beyond all change of time and place,
Beyond man's boastful power to mar,
Beyond his wildest words and war,
 Lives that unutterable Face.

For, evermore, in every heart,
 That yields itself to him alone,
Once more with word of sins forgiven,
Once more with song of Peace from Heaven,
 A new nativity is known.

CHRISTMAS

We would not lose sad memories, if we might ;
 The very saddest brings
Not merely darkness, nor recurring night,
 But sweet illuminings.

Hast seen Correggio's picture ? In the stall,
 While all without is night,
A holy radiance sheddeth over all
 Its calm celestial light.

See, from the infant Christ that light is shed
 Through all the lowly room ;
The darkness is cast out, the sadness fled,
 The Light of Life is come.

The heaviest losses cannot blind our eyes,
 Or leave us in despair ;
Where Christ has come, all overclouded skies
 Reflect his radiance rare.

BEHOLD, WHAT LOVE!

BEHOLD, what love ! The simple grace
Of love undimmed by selfishness
We ne'er had known or dreamed, unless
That love had met us face to face.

Himself he emptied utterly,
And gladly laid aside his might,
His knowledge infinite, the bright,
Excelling splendours of the sky,

And came a little child to earth,
And in his helpless infancy
Learned his first lessons at the knee
Of her who gave him mortal birth.

And on him dawned from day to day
The glories of the earth and sky ;
The cottage heard his laugh and cry ;
He joined his comrades in their play.

Yet in his soul a melody,
Like some sweet half-forgotten song,
Whose notes, once heard, so rich and strong,
Can never on the spirit die,

Lived on, and, as he listened, grew
(Though only half-perceived at first)
By slow degrees, until there burst
The perfect music, and he knew

Himself and all men,—saw his place
As servant, because Lord, of all :
“Service through suffering,” sang the call ;
“Love’s labyrinth clue, Love’s healing grace.”

Behold, what love ! The heavenly song
Made more discordant to his ear
The sounds of hatred, cries of fear,
And groans of centuries of wrong.

Pain was to him exceeding pain ;
Sin he saw stripped of all its dress,
Saw through what smoothest words profess,
Man’s hollow righteousness and vain ;

He saw yet deeper, far below
The falseness of the human heart,
He saw in all a better part,
Than even they themselves could know.

Not wholly lost, the heavenly song
 In vilest hearts, though dimmed and blurred
 By wilder notes discordant, stirred
Through evil thoughts and deeds of wrong.

The song we heard not, nor obeyed,
 But deeply drank sin's Lethal wine,
 Or wandered down the dark decline,
Or on destruction's crags we played.

He sought us, nor was one forgot,
 Not those whom fellow-sinners scorned,
 Nor lonely souls who hopeless mourned,
Nor careless ones who heeded not.

He went unpitied ; none have known
 The terrors of that fearful path,
 Blackness of darkness, fiendish wrath
To drive him back ; and he, alone.

A new strain mingles with his song,
 The triumph of the conqueror ;
 The Hope sang true, the night is o'er,
The death-blow dealt at last to wrong ;

Mankind proclaimed for ever free :—

What though the creeping years seem long,

Though few appear to join the song,

It yet, in God's good time, shall be,

That all below and all above,

Not one voice mute, shall swell the strain,

Which once he heard in lonely pain,

The notes of Righteousness and Love.

AFTER JORDAN

THE Son of God ! I knew it from the first ;
Yet dared not let the knowledge take its shape,
Even in thought. But now indeed I know
Beyond a peradventure, for, to-day,
He spake to me and said : "Thou art my Son."
'Twas all I needed. Hearing it, at once
The whole truth flashed. No other Voice than his !
And, as the Dove of God came down, I breathed
Once more my native air, and understood
The partial intuitions, half-way sights,
That have been mine since boyhood.

Now there flows
The old familiar power through all my being ;
And in this strength I stand, and wait to see
My Father work, that I may work with him.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

SPEAK to my heart, O Christ, I need
To learn from thee these words of strength :
Alone, I cannot grasp the length,
The breadth and depth of what I read.

In these thy words, so firm, so mild,
Transparent, strong with Truth and Right,
Full of thy love, I see unite
The strong man and the little child.

Not only human, but divine,
For only thine unclouded eye,
Sinless, could mark unerringly
The sweep of that eternal line,

Which, running through the universe,
For ever parting left and right
Things born of darkness from the light,
Reveals the blessing and the curse.

These words of thine, that seem so clear,
Grand in their strong simplicity,
Pure as the mountain wind and free
From earth, how far, to heaven, how near,

Are yet for earth, not Heaven, they burn
With steady radiance, and they throw
Heaven's light on earthly things, and show
All true proportions :—Lord, I turn

To thee, my Teacher, to remain
Silent, that I may hear thy Voice,
And in its fulness learn thy choice,
Nor shrink for fear of loss or pain

From following thee alone, that so,
Despite the world's false eloquence
And mock professors' vain pretence
Of serving thee, I yet may know

Where runs for me that golden line
In every action, word, and thought,
Till the full harmony be wrought,—
My life transformed to be like thine.

True Word of God, in me abide,
Lest, having learned thy will, my creed
Should far outstrip my daily deed,
And I be left alone with pride,

That glories in the thing it knows ;
And miss the stalwart righteousness,
That staggers not when dangers press,
Nor fears nor follows friends or foes,

But keeps straight to the appointed goal
That God has set. O thou, so pure,
So tender in thy love, so sure
To cleanse and save the drooping soul,

Forgive and cleanse. Abide in me,
That I may live a little child,
As loving, pure, and unbeguiled,
And yet a full-grown man in thee.

NAIN

A TRAIN of mourners slowly out of Nain
Winds to the place of burial. All save one
Mourn out of sympathy ; while she, alone,
Walks silent, knowing that her life is crushed,
And home is but a name, for he, who lived
Her strength and staff in widowhood, is gone.

The bearers pause. She sees that One, unknown,
Touches the bier. She hears him say, " Arise,"
And knows that word restores son, light, and home.
Joy crowds out thanks. With wild and long embrace,
The son and mother meet. Then through her tears
She sees the stranger smile, and knows her joy
Out-thanks all words, and he is satisfied,
And smiling turns upon his homeless way.

THE SYROPHŒNICIAN WOMAN

“ I HAVE waited long for thee,
Son of David, pity me ;

“ For my daughter helpless lies,
Heal her, heal her, or she dies ! ”

Jesus answered not a word,
’Twas as though he had not heard.

But she followed him the more,
Crying out with weeping sore :—

“ I have waited long for thee,
Son of David, pity me ! ”

Wearied, his disciples say :
“ Send the woman, Lord, away ! ”

“ I am sent to seek alone,”
Jesus said, “ for Israel’s own.”

Yet the woman bolder grew,
Nearer to the Lord she drew.

“ I have waited long for thee,
Lord, my Master, pity me.”

“ ’Tis not meet,” the Master said,
“ Dogs should eat the children’s bread.”

“ Yet,” she answered, “ even they
Eat what children cast away.”

Jesus turned about and smiled,
“ Woman, I will heal thy child ;

“ For thy strong and humble faith
Thou art heard,” the Master saith.

Glad the mother turned away,
Found her daughter healed that day.

In her heart for evermore,
Lived his word, the look he bore.

Bread the children thrust away
Feasted her from day to day.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN

“SELL what thou hast, and come, and follow me.”
The tones were tender, though the words were stern,
And yearning eyes looked longingly with love
Into the upturned face, as if to say :
“Trust me, my love will make thee full amends.”

The young man paused, and, as he paused, the crowd,
The restless crowd, was hushed as still as death ;
Even the careless children ceased their play,
Awe-struck, half conscious that that moment's pause
Held a soul's tragedy. The young man paused :
Then slowly rising from his knees, he turned
With downcast looks and faltering steps away
To his old home, as one who judged himself
Unwilling or unworthy for the new.

THE TRANSFIGURATION

ONCE only that most human of all faces,
Face that ne'er knew an evil thought's control,
Lost for a season all of suffering's traces,
Shone with the native glory of the soul.

Not to the multitudes around him pressing,
Eager and anxious to proclaim him king,
Not to the scribes their studied praise professing,
Praise, but the smallest that they dared to bring ;

But to the few who ever lived most near him,
Watched him in weariness when flesh was weak,
Learned how to love, and not alone to fear him,
Came the glad sight on Hermon's snowy peak.

Brightly the snow in cloudless moonlight glistened,
Dazzled their eyes, with more than earthly glare,
While they in silent awe and wonder listened
Unto their Master's strange and solemn prayer.

Lo ! as he prays, a look of chastened gladness
Dawns in his face, his face so grave erewhile,
Then, as rejoicing triumphs over sadness,
Bursts forth the heavenly beauty of his smile.

Deepens the smile, the smile beyond defining,
Through his coarse raiment heavenly glory glows ;
Brighter than day his countenance is shining ;
Warm with his light the snowy mountain grows.

Whence is this glory ? What surpassing blessing,
Borne from above, do seer and prophet bring ?
Is it of royal pomp, which he, possessing,
May of all men be hailed earth's mightiest king ?

No, 'tis of death, his exodus, in anguish,
Sorrow and shame that must his portion be ;
Spirit must fail and soul and body languish,
Ere through his sorrow all men can be free.

This is the glory ;—that he, glad, refuses
Ease for himself and every earthly gain ;
This is the glory, that he freely chooses
Grief, for our comfort, for our healing, pain.

MARTHA AND MARY

SHE, who has chosen Martha's part,
The planning head, the steady heart,
So full of household work and care,
Intent on serving everywhere,
May also Mary's secret know,
Nor yet her household cares forego ;
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet,
Nor leave her service incomplete.

IF THOU HADST KNOWN

IF thou hadst known, e'en thou in thy disgrace,
The downward steps that led thee to that place ;
How sin, not Rome, was making thee a slave,
And trampling out the liberties God gave,
Thou might'st have looked, and seen the patient face
Of One who, pitying, saw thy evil case,
And, seeing, sought thy sorrow to efface,
If thou hadst known.

But no, thou disregarded'st every trace
That marked him as thy King. Thou, foul-mouthed, base,
Slew in thy scorn the last One who could save.
So, weeping, we must read above the grave,
Not of thy city only, but thy race,
"If thou hadst known."

THE SLOTHFUL SERVANT

THOU slothful servant ! Wert thou less afraid
Of overt disobedience, than mistakes ?
Thou knewest that I loved thee, that to me
Sweeter are failures made by loving hearts,
Than all the prided prudence thou canst boast,
Which, with the plea of care for what is mine,
Hides sinful sloth beneath the cloak of love.

I, pitying, gave the smallest share to thee,
One talent only, thinking in my heart :
This he can do for me, and in the end
I shall reward him with some nobler work,
Even as the others. But thou wouldst not hear,
Receive thy choice. Thy choice decrees thy way :—
Thou wouldst not serve me ; now thou canst not
serve.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA

A PARAPHRASE

DREADFUL day of wrath's awaking,
Swift destruction overtaking
All we see in which we trust ;

Long foretold, but now impending,
When the mighty Judge, descending,
Comes to render judgment just.

Not a soul is out of hearing,
Nor can one escape appearing
At the trumpet's stern command ;

Death is dumb, and Nature trembling,
When, all hopeless of dissembling,
Quick and dead before him stand.

Every secret thought we cherished,
Deeds, we fondly hoped had perished,
Openly proclaimed our own ;

For the solemn Judge is sitting,
Nothing in the past omitting,
Till each hidden thing is known.

Woe is me ! With none defending,
How escape from doom impending,
When the just are sorely tried ?

Thou, dread Judge, behold me lonely,
Unto thee I turn, thee only,
In thyself from thee to hide.

Jesus, think for whom in anguish
Thou upon the cross didst languish,
Choose such grief, nor count the cost ;

Was it not for me thy dying,
Woe and weariness and sighing ?
Can such weight of love be lost ?

Thou who readest all hearts truly,
Search my spirit, cleanse me thoroughly,
Slaying self, and saving me ;

Vile, without excuse, I know it ;
Thou hast grace, O Lord, bestow it ;
Hear me, for I cry to thee.

Must I still despairing fear thee,
Who didst draw the vilest near thee,
Didst the dying thief forgive ?

I, their equal in transgressing,
Would their equal be in blessing,
I would see thy face and live.

Others blindly may refuse thee,
Through thy helpless ones abuse thee,
On thy left hand choose to be ;

But may I, thy image bearing,
Loss or service with thee sharing,
Suffer now, and reign with thee.

Who am I who thus beseech thee ?
Lost, how should my groanings reach thee,
Didst thou not invite my prayer ?

On that day of woe and wailing,
Terrors dread, and fears assailing,
Hopelessness, all helpers failing,
Bid us hope, since thou art there.

THE INWARD JUDGE

(SUGGESTED BY "DIES IRÆ")

NOT in vain the seers have shown
Christ upon his judgment throne ;
Now his inward message clear
Warns me that the day is here.

Hushed is every sigh and sound
Into stillness, dread profound ;
In the Judge's eyes I read
All my past, each thought and deed.

Woe is me, my sin is known ;
Left in helplessness alone,
Whither shall I turn or flee ?
Lord, thine eyes are still on me.

Thou art Jesus ; thou hast died ;
Look upon thy wounded side ;
Think upon thine agony ;
Was not all that loss for me !

When the sinner to thee came,
Thou despisedst not her shame ;
And the dying robber's eyes
Opened glad in Paradise.

I am guilty, Lord, as they ;
Show me equal grace, I pray ;
Do with me whate'er thou wilt,
All that's needed by my guilt.

Smite, but send me not away ;
Smite, but with the sinner stay ;
Smite, but to my heart reveal
That thou strikest but to heal.

Lord, I know thy wrath and flame,
Own the justice of thy blame ;
Yet in all my sin and shame,
I would hide me in thy Name—
Jesus, evermore the same.

IF IT BE POSSIBLE

IF it be possible :—Shall he,
Whose strength in others' woes has known
No limit, now before his own
Face an impossibility ?

If it be possible :—But no !
His very triumphs in the past
Have led him, step by step, at last,
To this his crowning hour of woe.

Ye who have watched him day by day,
And seen the praises of the crowd
Change slowly into threatenings loud,
Say—has he faltered on his way ?

Or has this hour come unawares
To one who dreamed of better fate,
And hoping waited till, too late,
He found himself in hopeless snares ?

Not so ; he saw it drawing near,
And faltered not. With steadfast face,
And loving heart, and even pace,
He moved to meet it, braving fear.

If it be possible :—Let those,
Who measure possibilities
By native strength that in them lies,
Consider him, and how he chose.

Not force, but Love omnipotent ;
Not man's intrigue, nor fate's decree,
Wrought him such woe, for willingly
His back to bear the burden bent.

He loved—'twas possible to tell
Slow hours of sleepless agony ;
To suffer every loss, to die ;—
But us to leave—impossible.

THE CRUCIFIXION

THINK ye, sin nailed him to that cross?—

For sin the hammer swung,
Sin lifted up the cruel tree
On whose broad arms he hung,
Sin triumphed, when from anguished lips
His bitter cry was wrung?

So seemed it. But nor sin, nor men,
Nor nails had held him there ;
Love was the nail that held him up,
And made him strong to bear
For us that weary weight of woe
And tempest of despair.

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST

Oh thought unworthy in a suffering world,
Oh thought unworthy with a suffering Christ,
That following him should mean release from pain.

The sorrow of the world is hopelessness,
The sorrow of the Christ is endless hope ;
We share his sorrow and we share his hope ;—

His hope, the undiscouraged hope of Christ,
Hope for ourselves and hope for every man ;
The hope of sin subdued through patient love.

To share with him his service and his cross,
His holy sorrow over souls estranged ;
To learn the grace of suffering and be glad,

To aid the right, to tread the evil down,
To live in patient strength and love still young,
This is our service, suffering, joy and hope.

For joy and suffering must go hand in hand,
As deepest shade is found on sunniest days,
And Christ's clear shining shows the depths of sin.

THE VICTORY

LORD of victory, who dost bring
Glory out of suffering,
Thee we praise for scourge and thorn,
For the cross that thou hast borne ;

For thy strift, thy sore distress,
Weak with woe-tossed weariness,
Self-forgetting agony
Borne in lone Gethsemane ;

For thy holy silence, when,
Lonelier far 'mid throngs of men,
Thou couldst calmly hear the cry
That clamoured out that thou shouldst die ;

For thy dying, which ensures
Life that evermore endures ;
Death to life by birth is nigh,
Life from death can never die ;

For thy grave which empty stands,
Witness to death's broken bands,
Sign that sin and death o'er us
Ne'er can be victorious.

Lord of glory, who hast wrought
Victory beyond our thought,
'Thee we praise, and hail thy Reign ;
Death has grappled thee in vain.

THE LOVE OF GOD

ABOVE earth's music, discord, sin,
We catch thy whispered word within ;
And, as our spirits bend to hear,
Music and discord grow less near,
And all our earthborn dreams of thee,—
Thy justice, mercy, majesty—
All fade, or change, when we have heard
From thine own lips the Living Word,
That thou art Love.

Heard from thy lips ; thy lips alone
Can to the soul that Name make known,
That Name, where all thy names unite,
As rainbow hues in perfect light,
That all embraces, all explains,
Our joys, our longings, and our pains ;
That shows thee to us as thou art,
And joins us to thee heart to heart,—
Thy Name of Love.

Oh thou whose eye all truth discerns,
Whose holy fire resistless burns,

Whose sword will not for pity stay,
Nor hesitate to smite and slay,
Come, for thou bringest death and life,—
The death that closes inward strife ;
Life, risen, conquering life, that we
May live and reign and joy in thee,
For thou art Love.

Man deems thy love is like his own,
Mere fondness for the favoured one ;
But human love, although of thee,
Reflects thy love but scantily :
For only knowing thee we prove,
How stern, how pitiful is Love—
The love that conquers and endures,
Waits, and the highest good secures,
And thou art Love.

O Love, I know thy quickening grace,
Have seen the smiling of thy face,
Have felt, when restless, the caress
Of thy almighty tenderness—
Seen at my woe thy tears to start,
Thou Father with a mother's heart ;
Grant that thy living springs in me
May flow to man, may rise to thee,
Thou Fount of Love.

“ VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS ”

A PARAPHRASE

COME, Holy Spirit, to thine own,
Thy heavenly light and fire make known,
Assume possession of thy throne.

Come, Father of the outcast poor,
Come, Giver of a boundless store,
Come, Light of hearts for evermore.

Of all consolers, thou the best,
Sweet dweller in the yielded breast,
Dear calmer of all minds distress.

We need thee as our rest in care,
Our shelter from the noontide glare,
Our song and solace in despair.

Shine, blessed Light ; do thou reveal
The sin we from ourselves conceal ;
Search thou our hearts, that thou mayst heal.

Without thy smile, thy quickening breath,
Despair our labour answereth,
And every pathway leads to death.

Each thought that seeks not thee, purge out ;
Let streams of grace dispel our drought,
And love heal all the wounds of doubt.

For self-will, give us humbleness,
Warm the cold heart with thy caress,
Make halting footsteps Godward press.

Reign thou in us, thy throne is bright ;
We need no sun, we fear no night,
For where thy throne is, there is light.

Grant us through life to feed on thee,
Grant us in death thy love to see,
Grant us thyself eternally.

“VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS”

CREATOR Spirit, who to chaos' night
Didst bring the light,
The ordered beauty of all visible things,
And man, their crown,
Thou fillest nature, up and down ;
One place alone,
Unfilled by all that nature brings,
Unfilled by thee,
Chaos remains,—our inmost heart, till we
Shall willing yield to thee thy rightful throne.

O Life, unfathomed, undiminished, free,
What fulness dwells in thee !
Can rite or symbol make thy meaning clear?
As morning mist,
Raised by the sun, and into beauty kissed,
Fades quick away,
So first thy glories unto men appear
Through shade and rite,
Which, growing at thy presence, pure and bright,
In beauty vanish in thy perfect day.

Right hand of God, we own thy strong control :
 A living coal
From God's own altar bring and touch our lips,
 And set us free
From sin's defilement, to be owned by thee
 To use at will :
Let not thy strength within us know eclipse ;
 But, as of yore,
Thy rushing wind, thy tongue of fire restore, ✕
That Truth and Love may speak and self be still.

ALONE WITH CHRIST

ALONE with thee,
The world shut out,
No more to heed its scorn and doubt ;
But evermore shut up to be
Alone with thee.

Alone with thee,
Misunderstood,
As thou wert, by the multitude ;
But with thy joy henceforth in me,
Alone with thee.

Alone with thee,
And crucified ;
To die to other loves beside ;
My sovran love henceforth to be
Alone with thee.

Alone with thee,
And, by thy grace,
To bear the image of thy face,
As thine eyes ever look on me ;
Alone with thee.

Alone with thee,
To hear thy speech
Before another's voice can reach ;
They are without, but thou in me,
And I in thee.

Alone with thee,
In daily life,
To know thy hush amid the strife,
To show thy love, and still to be
Alone with thee.

Alone with thee,
To love far more
The loved ones I have loved before,
To love as thou hast lovèd me,
And all in thee.

Alone with thee,
To speak the word
Thou givest me as soon as heard,
To have thy love for all in me,
Alone with thee.

Alone with thee ;
When on my sight
Shall burst thy undazzling blaze of light,
E'en then, my highest joy shall be
Alone with thee.

THE DESERT OF GOD

OR

THE CALL OF MOSES

THE DESERT OF GOD; OR, THE
CALL OF MOSES

PART FIRST

THE CHOICE

'Tis not a dream. Last night, alone with God,
Calm in his presence, judging by his scales,
My soul in silence made eternal choice.

Long lost in thought beneath the silent sky,
Fanned by the evening breeze, I stood, and
watched

Star after star arise, and, as of old,
I greeted each by name, until it seemed
They owned my love, and answered with their
smiles.

A month ago, and those same stars beheld
My Abyssinian war. Ah! there was strife
Such as bards sing of in immortal strains,
And warriors long for in their wildest dreams.

Flashed in a moment all that war upon me ;
Again I planned, and marched, and counter-
marched ;
At last, the final struggle ;—all came back,—
The shouts, the cries, and noise confused of battle ;
I felt my heart throb, and then, mid-beat, stop ;—
Is it defeat or triumph ?—breath comes quick,
Supreme suspense, as fateful conflict hangs
In even balance—then the victorious charge,
When all the flower of Abyssinia fell,
With the proud king my prisoner.

Home returned,
Glad victor, rich with spoils, I ride in state
In triumph through the throngs that push and press
And surge around me, spreading o'er the land,
A very Nile of eager, rushing men,
O'erflowing all its banks. No lips are mute ;
No name but mine is heard, as slowly winds
The long triumphal train its tortuous way.

Nor these alone, for, yonder, white-robed priests,
Proud of their son, move on with solemn tread
And sacrificial rites. With song and dance,
Strewing fresh garlands, choral maidens come,
Their songs melodious mingling, sweetly clear,
With hoarser shouts of men, until, at last,
I stand before the throne, and Pharaoh gives,
In presence of them all, the kiss of peace.

How proud that day ; that day all envy died,
Or seemed to die, in universal praise,
And faces stern and haughty now relaxed
Into fair smiles, and many whispered low :
“ Wait ! ‘Thou shalt yet be king.’ ”

And now alone,
The songs all silenced save in memory’s ear,
I saw in all the glory that was mine
The splendid dawning of a cloudless day.

Nature was still, but suddenly there fell
Upon the happy tumult of my heart
An awful hush of silence ; then a Voice,
Stillter than silence, and as silence strong :
“ Art thou of Egypt or of Israel ? Choose ! ”

Straightway, as though I still were at her knee,
My mother’s words of long ago came back,
Telling of God, the Eternal One, whose Will
Rules heaven and earth, whose Voice long since had
called

To be His chosen those who now were slaves.
Slaves ! They are mine own brothers. I am strong.
Shall I not lift them up ! The day has dawned
Long looked for, long deferred. My secret hopes
In mummy-cloths of silence wrapped no more,
Rise in their living strength.

Would God that she,
My mother, who, except we were alone,
Ne’er suffered me to call her more than nurse,

Had lived till now. Alas, she died too soon,
(Did ever mother die and not too soon !);
How would I raise her, place her by my side,
And scorn their scorn, who scorned her !

Mother dear,

Oh, mother, for thy sake those slaves are mine ;
And all that can be wrought through place and power
I vow for thy dear sake to do for them.
As men in hope of harvest cast their seed,
Upon the risen waters of the Nile,
So, undiscouraged by my youthful passion,
Thou castedst fruitful seed-thoughts on my heart ;
And now the living germ remains and grows :
The fruit is showing, for, at last, I stand
The favourite at the court.

Again the Voice :—

“Whose art thou ?” Then I trembled ; but replied :—

“Are my late triumphs nothing, nor my strength ?
Can I not use them wisely for their help ?
Why fire a field, just as the corn is ripe—
Destroy a fortress with the last stone laid !
This were a work of fools or secret foes.
One effort premature were death to hope.
No ! Let me wisely wait and plan and work,
Loyal to Pharaoh, faithful to my own ;
So shall their chains be lightened year by year,
Grow rusty from disuse, until they drop,
And Pharaoh learn to know that Israel free
Is readier far to serve than Israel bound.”

The Voice replied :—

“ Art thou indeed so blind?

Pharaoh will change not. Yes, he loves thee well,
The while he sucks thy honey. This consumed,
Another flower will please. Do not thy cheeks
Still tingle at the cruel sneer which met
Thy only prayer upon thy triumph day,
Asking a prisoner's life? Where are thy hopes?
My people must be free. Beware lest pride
Persuade thee that thy ease and love to them
Run in one channel. Thoughts of good to self
Are ever selfish. Every grain of wheat
Must lose itself in bringing others forth,
Nor is it food and strength till crushed and broken.
Behold two paths, choose now which one thou
wilt,
Nor dream of middle ground. Who with pretence
Of helping others helps himself the more,
Draws down upon his head with blinded eyes
A double curse.”

It ceased, and then I heard

A smoother voice, which said :—

“ Choose, wisely choose.

If thou, indeed, hast heard the voice of God,
Thou must obey. But is it then God's Voice?
Consider this, that thou wert born a slave ;
If God had pleased that thou a slave shouldst live,
Why did he take thee thence, and place thee here?
Or has he raised thee to this noble height
Only to fling thee down?

These slaves thou lovest,
What are they? Born to eat, and breed, and die,
Their bodies are but carrion. Hast thou climbed
By arduous steps, by study, day and night,
Braved war's dread perils, but to fit thyself
To herd with these? Or does it need, forsooth,
Long years of noble toil to fashion bricks?

"Thy garland, scarcely wreathed, is yet unworn ;
And must thou cast it from thee to be made
The scorn and hissing of those sycophants,
Whose fawning flattery sickens ?

"Is thy God
Nearer to brutish slaves than to the priests,
Whose eyes pierce sunless depths, and, all undimmed,
Gaze at the source of light, who fearless tread
Paths of pure reason, high and perilous steeps,
Which, should a man less noble dare attempt,
His dizzied thought would hurl him to destruction ?
And yet they lead thee where themselves have trod ;
And teach their deepest mysteries. In vain
Thou knowest all the fixed and wandering stars,
The mystic signs through which the mighty sun
Takes his triumphal march. What profits all,
If thou must live with slaves, whose highest thought
Is lower than thy lowest ? Yet this boon,
Mean as it is, is not within thy grasp,
A prince thou livest, as a slave must die ;
The very thought is treason. Yet thou dreamest
God's word commands to this.

“Nay, rather deem,
That, as he raised up Joseph from the dungeon,
And placed him next to Pharaoh, so with thee ;
God makes thee in the palace of the king
His special pleasure who had sought to slay thee.
But how had Joseph saved his father’s house,
If he had counted rank a useless thing,
A ball to play with, or a shell to crush ?
Thou, too, art where thou art by God’s design ;
This is his Voice that calls aloud to thee ;—
Prize what thou hast and use it for fair ends,
So shalt thou be the hand of God to soothe
Thy people’s misery. In thy present place
Thy will is master, and thy good intent
Can blossom into deeds. Lose this thy chance,
And all thy fertile thought is but as seed
Sown in the desert sand.

“Then, think again,
Whose pity saved thee at the river’s brink,
Whose royal heart relented unto thee,
When from the ark of bulrush on the Nile,
As from a second mother, thou wast born,
And sucked her breasts who bare thee, not as right,
But as a foundling nursed on Pharaoh’s gold ?
Whose love has shielded thee through all these
years,
When evermore thou bar’st a hungry heart,
And wast Egyptian to the Israelites,
And Israelite to Egypt ? Deemest thou
That thanklessness so pleases God, that he

Would have thee break her heart to follow him ?
To love these outcasts as thine own is noble.
But let not noble folly ruin thee,
And in thy ruin leave them in despair."

It ceased, and, breathing freer, I exclaimed :—
" Surely true wisdom this ;" when once again
The first Voice spake :—

" Art thou more wise than God ?
Wilt thou forsake me to advance thyself ? "

I answered :—" Lord, why should I choose to-night ?
Nor pause before a step so fraught with fate ? "

Then once again, more sternly, spake the Voice :—
" Well knowest thou this call is not the first.
At every fresh advance in court or camp,
I clearly showed thee that this hour would come.
Now it is come. Thus far my grace has been
The river that has made life glad for thee,
And kept thy young heart fresh and pure and loving,
While others of thine age are hard and cold.
But if thou now refuse, thy choice dams back
The living streams, so shall thy freshness die,
And year by year the desert will encroach,
Till, all the springing life within thee choked,
Thy heart becomes a waste of drifting sand.
Pause not, because thou canst not find an answer
To meet the pleadings of thy lower self.
There is no answer to them but in me.

Thou canst not understand the heights and depths,
By which I lead. It is thy part to know
That thou art called to set my people free,
To be my right hand in this mighty work.
Decide, if thou be worthy to be called."

Deep silence fell. Then, as a ship at sea,
Struck by a sudden tempest, ere her plunge,
Pauses and trembles, so stood I, beset
With thoughts tumultuous, till upon my face
In helplessness I fell, and in distress
Called upon God to open out the truth.
And praying thus, I felt a peace and calm
Steal over me until the storm was stilled :—

With eyes unveiled I saw the future pass,
Not knowing if I still were in the flesh,—
Far down the vista of long years I gazed,
All Egypt's glory waited for my feet ;
Triumph on triumph piled, as years rolled on,
Till none in all the land could vie with me ;
And, as the sun on Abyssinian hills
Scatters the morning mist, so unto me
The priestly mysteries opened, till at length
With eyes unclouded, I could see them all.
Each glad year teemed with good, and all for me,
Until all heights attained, all foes put down,
And Egypt's rarest beauty by my side,
I sat the Pharaoh upon Pharaoh's throne.
And yet the light was shed from man-made lamps ;

In all the glory I could see no sun,
And from the outer shadows evermore
The looks from sad eyes reached me, which at first
Pierced through my soul like swords, till, by degrees,
I cared no longer ; but, grown changed and hardened,
Beyond all knowledge of my former self,
I, fierce as Pharaoh, quenched them in the dust.

The vision changed. I saw my brethren toil,
While blood and sweat from lash and labour poured,
I heard their groans, and saw them die unwept ;
I knew the hopeless misery of their woe,
The deep despair of endless helpless fret ;
Yet 'twas on them the healthful daylight fell,
Glory and God were there, while Egypt, foul,
Lay like a leper in her sores and sins.

The vision died away. I shook myself
And stood erect with senses all alert,
And, as a warrior gazes on his foe,
Measures his strength before the fateful close,
So looked I all the future in the face,
Counted the cost, and freely made the choice :—

“Great God of Heaven, dost thou make common cause
With all thy helpless ones? Are wrongs to them
Wrongs also unto thee? To be with thee
Must I too join with them, and bear their loss?
So be it. I am thine, and thou, henceforth,
Art all my honour, all my wealth art thou.

These shall be slaves no longer. I, though free,
Freely renounce my freedom for their sakes,
My brothers, doubly mine by happy choice.
This is my freedom :—limits self-imposed
For noble purpose do not bind."

Then fell
Not silence only, but a holy calm,
As the Eternal Spirit and my own
Joined each to each in union without words,
And in that hush I waited till the dawn.

PART SECOND

EXILE

HAST thou no place but loneliness, O Lord,
No shelter in this world which thou hast made,
But caves and lonely places for the man
Who hears thy Voice?

My early life at court
Knew never any rain or wintry day,
The river of my pleasure, always full,
Oft overflowed its banks. But when thy Voice
Called me to follow thee, and I forsook
All lesser riches gladly to become
A by-word in the land where once I stood
Peerless amongst the greatest, glad to cast
My lot with slaves, I found that even these,
The slaves, thrust me away, till, prince or serf,
Egypt will own me not. So, driven thence,
I am become the sport of howling winds ;
Torn is my heart and bleeding, like my feet
That tread these jagged rocks.

Oh, bootless freedom ;—
To roam this wilderness with none to say :
“ What doest thou ? ” I care not to be lord
Of senseless sheep. And even freedom galls,
The wretched freedom of the exiled slave,

Free, while his brethren sweat and toil and groan
In hopeless bondage, while he too is chained,
Withheld from all the longings of his heart ;
In liberty still doomed to loneliness.
Is Jacob not my father ? Have not we,
I and those slaves, been made joint-heirs of hope ?
And why not then of scourge ? Night after night,
O God, I lie awake and call on thee,
In whose wrath all these fleeting years are spent,
And groan with useless sighs, the while I feel
Each separate woe of theirs to press on me,
So able, yet so helpless, vigorous still,
Still eager, still held down by hand unseen :—
Why should one act unwise have wrought this
 woe ?

Unwise, indeed, but surely not unnoble !
Could I, who late had vowed to set them free,
Supinely wait the fatal stroke's descent,
Although it threatened only one of them,
Nor slay the Egyptian first ? And has this earned
A life-long exile, life-long idleness,
Where I in sloth must watch my people perish ?

Hast thou not made this people for thyself ?
Why then destroy them ? Not upon the thigh
Thou touchest Jacob, causing him to halt,
But making him a prince. Thy hand is laid
Upon the very source of life, until
No strength remains, not even strength for tears,
Nor room for any hope. In dull despair

Israel breathes out his wordless moans of woe,
His heavy weight of grinding care shuts out
All dream of comfort. Weary tales of brick,
The ceaseless falling lash have hardened him,
Until he has forgotten thee, or else
Thinks of thee as of Pharaoh.

And for me,
Who once have heard thee, known thee, loving, strong,
Where art thou? I am desolate, and grope,
Thy word my only clue, and find thee not;
And search again, and strive, and find thee not.
As die the last notes of a lovely song
Into a silence deeper than before.
So sink my hopes, because I find thee not.

PART THIRD

THE WILDERNESS

WHY must we wait? Has God forgot the word
He spoke in Egypt? Or is all a dream?
And all this heartbreak, all this agony,
In which I groan, but brought upon myself
By boastful pride, and I the living dupe
Of voices from within? Why was man made
So easily deceived; the serpent's voice
More smooth and subtle than the voice of God,
And worse, a voice within of our own selves
Able to ape unconscious that true Voice
And speak as oracle?

No, 'tis not so.

If God be God, then have I heard him speak,
And not deceived, have made my changeless choice.

But oh, what ruin one false step can make.
Yet, is it nothing that I left for him,
My place, my power, my hopes, that I must be,
For just one error cast aside as useless?
For though I watch through every waking hour
Yes, even in my sleep my soul keeps watch—
He does not speak.

The moaning of the wind,
The scream of mountain eagle, and the hush
That goes before and follows after storms,
Still thrill me, awe me with the sense of God ;
I pause and listen :—Desert wonders, these
Surprise none but myself, who lived so long
In Egypt's voiceless calm. And when I seek
In nature for some symbol that may show
God's will and purpose, she, regarding not
My prayer or passion, sphinx-like stands, nor gives
The secret clue to make her meaning plain.
I see the traces of some vast design,
But only here and there can find a thread,
Which I may follow but a little way,
Before 'tis lost in interwoven strands,
Whose both ends stretch to dark infinity.
What is the plan, and what the power that holds
The whole in harmony? I look and see
The freshening spring with light and warm caress
Wooing the desert to a transient smile,
I watch the moon, full-orbed in cloudless sky,
Throw countless changing shadows from the rocks
On lower rocks and chasms, and with hope
I feel that God is Love. But, when again
I hear the howling hurricane, and mark
The thunderbolt fall on the helpless child,
And watch the year relentless run its course,
Unheeding human hopes, the power, methinks,
Shows not a father's heart, but holds us down,
Deaf to our prayers and groanings, with the grasp

Of grim necessity. Where is the God
Whom Abrah'm followed? Can he live and care,
And yet not help his own? The years fly by,
Suns rise and set. The wicked in their wealth
Defy and set at nought with scoffs and jeers
Our God, who silent sits and seems to sleep,
Careless of wrong to us, or scorn of him.

PART FOURTH

THE DAWN

How oft the priests of Egypt smiled on me,
Their favourite pupil, holding me in pride
As pattern for the rest. Now all is changed ;
For here as hapless scholar, who must con
His task again, because he learns it ill,
Who scarce through tears can see his teacher's face,
Or hear his voice for sobs, I long have been
An inept pupil. For impatience wrought
Such mist before my eyes I could not see ;
And all alone I found the veil too thick
That nature wears to show the Godhead through.
The ages in their cycles are so long
We cannot grasp them, and our sorrows make
Such personal impression, seem so great
From very nearness that we cannot see
Through fogs of ill-judged hopes and foolish fears,
That keep the sunshine out, events that come
In true proportion, and impatient, fretful,
We seek to have things done, nor are content
To wait as God waits in his cloudless sky,
Until the time be full.

And so it was
God seemed to leave me in my restlessness

With nature's self ; to learn my helpless plight
Before a power I could not comprehend,
My hopelessness in exile. This, well learned,
Then, as a weanèd child, I turned to him :—
And slowly he in silence raised the veil
I could not see through, and I saw the truth,
Saw with what gradual rise the earth had come
To be the home of man, and with the sight
All legends of creation passed away
From heart and mind. In the beginning God,
Who in the end shall still be God alone,
Brought all things forth ; content with chaos first,
And then with light. Content, pronouncing all
Good in its order, not completed good,
But good as means to ever nobler ends :
Till, the grand triumph in the rising scale
Of his creation, he created man,
Alone of all his creatures like himself,
Able to think God's thoughts, to understand
These outward works, as though their maker he,
To find God's changeless ways not dungeon walls
For him to pine behind, but open gates
To freedom and success ; and yet to know
Unrest in all, and rest alone in God,
The starting point and goal of all his life.
God is the secret clue to his own works ;
All is uncertain till we find his hand,
And thread the maze with him.

So have I found ;
And, living with thee, Lord, from day to day :

I from the centre gaze, and doubts resolve,
Confusions vanish. All my spirit knows
The rest and quiet of eternal years.
All is of thee, and where it seems that wrong
Has won and crushed thy purpose under foot,
I find the perfect answer in thyself.
My eyes are dim with mists of human tears,
And see but fragments, yet I hold thy hand,
And am content. Though wife and child have failed
To soothe my restlessness, my prison house,
Barren and lonely, has become with thee
The very Land of Promise.

With new hope

I wait on God. For I am laid aside
As one, whom God once called to highest work,
Who willing bowed to sacrifice and shame,
But, eager to do work in his own way,
Failed.

That hasty sin at first

Was but the natural fruit of fleshly pride ;
From worse defeat and ruin we were saved ;
For, striking then, our strength had been our ruin.

As I have lost my shadow in the shade
Of this high rock, so would I lose myself
In God, who in my exile is my home ;
And die, if so he will, content to leave
My people to his care, and be forgot.
In patience, then, and joy I wait for God ;
He waiting, I will wait ; he working, work.

These eighty years of love impel to this ;
For God is calm, nor hastens, and the man
Who works with God, must know 'tis God who works.
And not himself, whose part is to obey,
Not help, but live in harmony with God.

But, see ! What fired yon bush ? The sun ? But no !
This is no earthly flame. That leaping fire
Has so divine a strength, that, while the parts
Useless and dead are withered, every branch
That lives has fuller life. I will aside,
And see this wonder. Can it be thy Voice
That speaks, and bids draw near with sandals off,
That nought that man has made may come between
This holy earth and me ? I bow and wait.

PART FIFTH

THE COMMISSION

O HOLY FIRE, unkindled and unquenched,
Throbbing with life and love ! No cloudy smoke
Ascends from thee, so joyous thou and pure,
Leaping in mighty gladness ; Living Fire,
That feedest not on death, nor in thy path
Spredest destruction ! O thou God of life,
That lovest us and seekest ; not content,
Silent and lonely on thy clouded throne,
In endless calm to work thy vast designs ;
Thou Life itself, thy overflowing heart
Throbs with each grief thy weakest children feel,
And cannot leave us in our loneliness,
Thou drawest near, as thou wert one of us,
O Human God, to bring us to thyself,
That thou mayst comfort and refresh our hearts.
And now thou sayest : " Set my people free."
The word and power are thine. This bush am I,
Too mean for shade, or any human use,
But glad and glowing in thy flaming life,
The only one of all its comrades fresh
Beneath the scorching sun. And this low bush
Gives forth thy Voice, for thou thyself art there.
So now in all thy gladness dwell in me,

That thy consuming, unconsuming flame,
In me and through me may transform my life,
Till thou the Living One alone art seen,
Thy glory and thy greatness, and thy power.
Forgive, forgive, that I a moment since
Shrank at my weakness, but I shrink no more.
By bush and staff and word thou teachest me,
Weakness is strength when under thy control.

O Source of Light, with thee is perfect light,
And all beside is darkness. Evermore
As men draw near to thee, thou show'st thyself,
Making our need of thee the means to raise
Our souls to clearer heights, still opening out,
And making present every hidden Truth
Of former revelations, till thy face,
From which at first in fear I hid myself,
Shall gaze upon us with a glory crowned
With tender love, as from a mother's heart,
To look whereon is life. And man shall know
That thou who didst create him like thyself
Hast made thyself as he, to bear his grief,
To cleanse his sin, not shrinking from the
pang
Nor from the pains of death where sinners lie.

Now are thy people free. They know it not ;
But still toil on in hopelessness and woe.
Yet are their chains but sand, and Pharaoh's
strength
Weak as an infant's,—all his pride as vapour.

Our enemies are liars. Thou art true,
And thou shalt bear us as on eagle's wings,
And bring us to thyself. For we are thine,
And who is like to those whom thou hast
saved!

MISCELLANEOUS

THE SEA SHELL

OFT as a child I held a sea-beat shell,
Half doubting, and half wondering to my ear,
Eager to catch the distant rhythmic swell,
The murmuring echoes of the sea to hear.

It almost seemed to be a living thing,
And, as I laid it down half-reverently,
A childish pity in my heart would spring
For the dry shell that still sang of the sea.

Now, when I place the shell against my ear,
The rhythmic murmuring greets me as before ;
'Tis but the echoing of my pulse I hear,
The shell is dead, and gone the sea and shore.

I lean my heart against the Universe,
And hear the throbbings of eternity,
The whisper of a blessing and a curse,
A Voice that answers " Here am I " to me.

But what if this be also but a shell,
Senseless, nor able succour to impart,
What, if the sounds that seem of love to tell
Be but the echoes of my throbbing heart?

What then? An echo? Naught but Life can hear !
I hear, so live ; and Life within me shows
That I am more than God ; or else, that near
And everywhere lives God who feels and knows.

THE MESSAGE OF THE WAVES

WAVES after waves with rising tide
Roll up the gently sloping beach,
Their necks high-arching, as in pride
O'er all the smiling land to reach.

Too soon the hard assaulted shore
With gradual rise their pride withstands ;
They break in ineffectual roar,
And die in sobs along the sands.

Alas! that I who strove, and deemed
Things all impossible not hard ;
Should now from all I hoped and dreamed
And toiled and waited for, be barred ;—

But pause ! alike in ebb and flow
The sea obeys his sovran will,
Whose law is love. That will to do
Is the best work ; and I am still.

REST

I REST myself upon thy waves, O sea ;
I see them joyous in the morning light ;
Anon, I see them rise in majesty,
And hear their angry roaring through the night ;
But all is right.
Thy currents and thy eddies are to me
All mystery ;
The ship to guide I do not understand.
What matters that ? I am not in command.

I rest myself, O Life, upon thy sea,
Oft have I seen it smile with rosy light ;
How oft those smilings proved but treachery,
How oft the fogs obscure the aching sight—
But all is right ;
For there is One on board, whose eye can see
All mystery ;
And I have but to watch his guiding hand,
To hear his voice, and follow each command.

O restful helplessness upon this sea,
To know myself, alone, in hopeless plight,

And then to rest my life, my all on thee,
And know, O Christ, through fogs, through tempests'
might

Thy guidings right.

Each day to see explained what was to me

All mystery ;

To ask no questions, but to understand

Thy love and wisdom dictate each command.

But, if thus restful on the treacherous sea,

But, if thus joyful in the guiding Light,

What must the glories of the haven be ;

Faith's brightest prospect far excelled by sight :

At last, aright

From God's own Home with raptured eye to see

The mystery ;—

How from the first this tortuous course he planned ;—

To look into his eyes and understand.

MY ISLAND

I LIVE on an island ; on every hand
The waves of the glorious ocean I see,
Laughing at times in quiet delight,
Roaring anon with wintry might ;—
But 'tis all the same to me ;
For I live on an island so high, so high,
That the highest arm of the angry sea
Falls helplessly back, and comes not nigh,
And I gaze on the storm with a fearless eye
In trustful security.

This island of mine where I sit and sing,
Is an island that God has given to me :
And though around me I have the sea,
Above me I always have the sky,
'The sun, or the stars, or the placid moon,
And though the clouds obscure the noon,
They are still God's clouds that over me lie,
And they lie closer than orbs of light.
God sendeth the clouds and sendeth the rain
And all parched life is sweet again,
And all his ways are right.

Oh, this happy island on which I live,
How often the storms about it roar,
As if to sweep me from the shore ;
But my island is high, the rock is strong,
Nor fears the sea ;
For my happy island is God's own love,
His love shown forth in his Son to me.
Then how can I fear, and how can I fret,
For how fearful soever the tempests arise,
Through all their rage I cannot forget
That storms never take his love by surprise ;
That he never created the sea to move
The deep foundations of his love.

THE BLESSED WILL

My God, let earthly hopes be stilled,
And stilled my human fears ;
And may my waiting soul be filled
With this one prayer : What thou hast willed,
O Lord, though it bring blinding tears,
Let that be done, for that is good,
The only good that I can crave,
The greatest blessing I could have.
Oh ! may thy voice be understood ;
Thy will be my unfailing food ;
Let not my headstrong will enslave ;
From forced or slow obedience save ;
And may I, from repining free,
Find in thy will my liberty.

THE DREAMER

“To die in a dream,
Or, if not to die, to dream long,
And wake late,
Is better by far than his lot,
The Prophet’s, who early awoke,
And saw the deep sorrow of sin.”

—*Japanese Poem.*

O VOICE! thou wert right,
That falls on my soul from far,
If, sunk into night,
We died like a burnt out star,
Nor ever again saw light.

If, birds through a room,
Darkness behind and before,
From gloom unto gloom
We flew, and our light was o’er,
Dreary and dark were our doom.

To seek and to gaze,
To seek and to find no good,
And thus pass our days,
And die as beasts of the wood,
That seek but the grass they graze :—

'Twere better to sleep,
To sleep, than to wake and know
Of sin's sorrow deep,
Of lost hopes melted like snow,
Of longings we could not keep.

Best live on this plan,
For pleasure, or knowledge, or gain,
Live thus, if we can,
The soul, if it wake, has pain,
And dies in pain with the man.

Thou saidst, "Where is God?
In earth, sea, sky, is he shown?
The pathway he trod,
If trodden, is lost ; and alone,
Hopeless and weary I plod."

O soul, not in these,
Not these, for their light is dim ;
The passing may please,
But cannot, alone, show him,
And all these pass as the breeze.

Not these, but more near,
A Voice, a Spirit, a Friend,
O soul, dost thou hear?
Speaks now within thee to end
Slumber and doubting and fear.

Not gloom unto gloom ;
 Light unto light is our way ;
And, after earth's bloom,
 To shine in a fairer day,
That does not end in the tomb.

The passing alone
 Never the unpassing shows ;
And God is not known,
 Save in the light he bestows,
The Light that is all his own.

God's Light showeth clear
 Through One who has lived and died,
Shines brightly and near.
 He lives to walk by thy side :
Arise, behold he is here.

PAIN

IF one should ask : What most arouses Love
To show itself in action? answer, Pain !
Pain in ourselves to give us hearts to feel
The pangs of others ; pain in other men
To rouse us to their help.

Then pain is good,
Or evil so transformed and glorified,
As to be chosen handmaid chief of Love.
And yet all pain is grievous to be borne.
But who knows this so well as he, our King,
Himself through pain made perfect ;

Knows so well
How to draw near and soothe our restlessness,
And make the pain his minister, to touch
Our eyes, earth holden, that with sight restored,
We may look up through tears, and know his love.

TRUTH

WOULDST thou see things as they are?

Go and view them by the sun ;

But, that thou escape the glare,

Go not where the highways run.

Choose some tree in meadow green,

Tree with branches spreading wide,

Leaves for light to sift between,

That without his dazzling pride

He may to thy eyes reveal

Truths that earthly lights conceal.

Listen to the warbled song

Of the wild bird, blithe and free ;

Human words, though sweet and strong,

Often lack sincerity.

But the birds upon the bough

Sing the tunes that God hath set,

Sing them as he taught them how,

Sweet and pleasing to him yet.

Go and hear them. Thou shalt see

That, as in their artless lays

They rejoice in being free,
Freedom's native note is praise.
Seems the lesson strange and new,
List again, their song is true.
Come and rest beneath the tree ;
Learn of God and liberty.

O BLESSED SLEEP

O BLESSED sleep that did not wake to tears,
Untimely troubled by returning fears ;
But lasted till the darkness passed away,
And ended in the dawn of endless day.

O blessed waking, O divine surprise,
To see her Saviour with her opening eyes,
To hear him answer to her questioning word,
“Where am I?” with, “For ever with the Lord.”

THE COMING TRIUMPH

SUGGESTED BY "THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE
REPUBLIC"

MINE eyes have seen the dawning of a coming glorious
morn,
Mine ears have heard the angels' song they sang when
Christ was born,
I have caught the word of promise unto weary hearts
and worn,
That God is marching on !

I can hear the steady treading of ten thousand marching
feet ;
True men and women moving on through highway, lane
and street,
They will never pause nor falter till the triumph is
complete,
With God they're marching on.

Let the sobs of helpless children, crushed by crimes the
law allows,
Let the blighted lives of women lost by manhood's
broken vows,
Let the sighs of hopeless sorrow every freeman's heart
arouse,
Since God is marching on.

For the cries of all earth's little ones have reached the
Great White Throne,
And the King himself has hearkened, he has made
their griefs his own,
He has come to help the helpless, he will make his
judgments known,
His strength is marching on.

Though the chains of sin be heavy, and they bind our
native land,
Though the curse be on the nations, yet our God has
raised his hand,
He is calling us to follow, we advance at his command,
With him we're marching on.

No multitude is mighty that has made a league with sin,
Nor strength nor wisdom can defend, when evil rules
within,
For the meek shall overcome them, and the right the
day must win,
Since God is marching on.

HE COMES TO BLESS

HE comes to bless, who comes with love,
Although nought else he brings,
And at the echo of his feet
The sorrowing spirit sings.

And men who have no faith in men,
Because they oft betray,
Will at his smile believe once more,
And know a gladder day.

For he who makes man trust in man,
And know that man can love,
Draws back the bolt which holds the door
That shuts out God above.

MIGUEL DE MOLINOS

ROME, 1685

READ your indictment, count the crimes ye say
That I committed. Call me heretic ;
Strip off my priestly robes ; ye cannot touch
The robe of righteousness I have of God.
I bow not unto you, nor at your words ;
For I am God's free man ; and though ye name
His name, who died for us, I do not bow ;
That name on lips like yours is blasphemy.
I hold my head erect, and meet your eyes
Unflinching. Ay ! your conscience makes you quail,
While your lips falter out, " Confess, recant ! "
Confess ! Recant ! What have I to confess ?
Sins never dreamed ! Recant the Truth of God !
Never ! 'Tis false ! God knows ; He vindicates !
Ye also know, ye serpents ; 'tis your hour ;
Ye have your way, nor give me chance to speak.
What if you did ? it were but mockery,
This railing crowd that hoots me at your nod
Would drown my weakened voice.

I've read that Christ,
When riding down the sides of Olivet,

Into the city, saw among the crowds
Some the Hosannah song who did not swell,
But, when they dared to, frowned.

And then again ;
I know, that, in the rabble throng that yelled
At the priest's bidding coarse and ribald jeers,
Till " Crucify him, crucify him " rose,
He saw among the nearest in the crowd
Some joining not the shouts, whose white set lips
Could scarce contain the loyal words that pressed
Burning for utterance, eyes that scarce restrained
The scalding tears they struggled to keep back.
Too weak to stem the madness of the tide,
And yet too full of love to stay away,
Dear hearts, I see you here, and for your sakes
I will a moment lay aside the thought
Of persecuting priests, and turn and bless,
As best I may, so treated, with a smile.
If ye have learned the lessons I have taught,
Then ye must know that my imprisonment
Affects not Truth. Oh, that ye may be strong.
That, though like this small candle that I hold
In fettered hands, my light may seem to die,
Ye may remember, I was not the Light,
But the mere candlestick that held it forth.
God takes it not from me, I dwell in him ;
But others now must yield themselves to bear
His Light still onward, which Light is himself.
Oh, that through you his rising light may shine,
And yet I doubt you. Hope and fear alike

Cause you to tremble, as ye see my fate.
Your silent presence here is half denial.
Alas ! poor hearts that have not strength to see
Through earth's thin show, the patient face of God.
Oh, for one moment, that I now might speak,
And tell you to fear nought, and hope for nought,
But follow God alone. And yet, O Christ,
Thou canst come in and teach, where I have failed.

How bright the day is after the dull church !
How the leaves rustle in the gentle breeze.
That old priest's cassock has an open rent,
A fitting emblem of his moral life ;
Yon crafty Jesuit smiles, enjoys it much ;
“ How is the mighty fallen ! ” and all that ;—
“ Molinos thought to win the church from us ;
He'll be a useful warning.”

Ah ! I know.

Let him smile on, the end is yet to come,
Although it tarry long, —O Lord, how long !

But now the gates are reached, and dungeon walls
Give back their hollow echo to our tread.
Another door is opened and is closed ;
Here is my secret chamber, where henceforth
I shall in silence live alone with God.
Thou priest, who bring'st me hither, hear thou this !
The time will come when thou and all shall know,

Whether this day the Pope or I be right ;—
The Pope, who holds the candle of God's truth
In hands more bound than any chains can bind,
Denying God, that he may rule God's church,
And passing sentence which his heart reverses ;
Or I in outward gloom and inward light.
Go, tell him this, that I, in patience, wait
Till God reviews this judgment and decides.

DEBORAH

THE QUAKER PREACHER

A CHILDLIKE heart, a simple faith,
Quick, not to question, but receive,
She spurned all doubt as poisoned breath :
To her to live was to believe.

Not hers the cold logician's arts,—
Her sermons were impassioned strains,—
A heart outreaching unto hearts,
And sorrowing over souls in chains.

She spoke, but not at men's command ;
Humbly she waited on the Lord,
Silent, till she should understand,
That he through her would send his Word.

Her prayers :—Whoe'er has heard her pray,
Has known that one, at least, saw clear
Beyond the dimness of our day,
The limits of the Now and Here,

And pierced the veil, and won the throne,
Where with strong wrestlings and with tears,
She, making others' needs her own,
And trembling with their sins and fears,

Sought for herself and them the grace
That answered to their utmost need ;
Till those who heard her felt the place
To be the gate of Heaven indeed.

No stones memorial have been set
To show where Heaven was open thrown ;
But souls who felt do not forget
The vision of the Cross and Throne.

She bore her message far and wide,
Beside all waters sowed her seed ;
Nor ever loitered to decide
Which handful should the best succeed.

Not hers to reap, but hers to sow,
To comfort mourners, as she went ;
The far results she could not know,
The Master smiled, she was content.

PASCAL

I LOOK to thee. No power, but power divine,
Can make me wholly, fully, gladly free
To toil or suffer. Lord, I would be thine ;
In every action, thought and word would be
All thine.

Thou seest this weakness that is mastering me,
And how I live in care from day to day,
Lest my remaining strength should pass away ;
And as a tree in spring-time touched with blight
Has autumn's dulness though the year be full,
So hath my youthful vigour vanished quite,
So hath its blossom turned to ashes dull,
And thus hath age my manhood overspread—
An aged man, ere thirty years have fled.

But thou hast loved me ; not with murmurings,
Nor with repinings day by day I go ;
With earthly loss are opened heavenly things.
For these, who would not leave the base and low ?
Loss brings

A joy that e'en the joyful may not know
To those who learn with patience in thy school,
Who daily live beneath thy blessed rule.

For all this sorrow, all this sad complaint,
I thank thee, Lord. Thou sentest them to me ;
And through their means have I been made acquaint
More with the wisdom, love and strength in thee,
I could not see them in the noontide glare ;
Thou leddest to the shade to teach me there.

Yet would I praise thy name with tongue and pen,
And make thy saving power known to all
Oh, that thou, Lord, wert honoured among men,
Oh, that they heard and yielded to thy call.

Ah, then !

What peace, what blessedness would them befall.
I pray thee, heal me now that I may be
Strong in thy strength to live and work with thee.
But, if I praise thee more while weak and ill,
Then heal me not. I only ask for length
Of days and health that I may do thy will,
And serve my God with God-restored strength,
Patient through all, from earthly self set free,
Cleansed by thy power, and filled with love and thee.

THE EARLY FRIENDS

I ASKED the wise why they had failed,
Their eyes before my question quailed.
They answered me with downcast eyes :
“ We cannot tell, for we were wise.”

I asked the strong why they had lost
The cause that they had valued most.
They stood in sullen silence long ;
And then they answered : “ We were strong.”

Others I saw with crowns. “ Ah, why
Should ye bear palms of victory ? ”
The answer was not far to seek :
They said, “ We conquered ; we were weak.”

Wherefore? I said ; the fight was long,
The conflict fierce, the wise and strong
Were leagued against you in their might ?
They answered, “ We were in the right.

“ They mowed us down like fields of wheat,
But those who fell said : Death is sweet.
Quick as one fell, another came
To bear the Truth through scorn and shame.

“It was not ours to fear or fly,
We could but speak God’s word, and die.

“They aimed at us, and we were weak.
Our aim was evermore to seek
To overthrow the wrong. But then
We could not harm our fellow-men.

“We knew not how to strive, but he,
Who gained the world’s great victory,
Taught us the secret : suffering borne
Unflinchingly through hate and scorn,
Borne for the Truth’s sake, borne from love,
That doth the inmost being move,
And fill the whole man, till he knows
A tender love for bitterest foes ;
Because God’s love in him begets
A love that no ill-usage frets :—
Yes, suffering borne with love and faith,
That shrinks not from the scourge and death,
Borne with the meekness of the Lord,
Reaps at the last his great reward.

“So, fighting with the weapons used
By Christ himself, and so infused
With his own spirit, we could see
The end from the beginning, be
Quiet through what men called defeat,
Quiet, nor ever know retreat ;
Quiet enough amid the din
To hear his still small Voice within ;

Certain that, following where he led,
We must the path of victory tread ;
Victory, not ours but Truth's, the key
That set us from impatience free.
Truth's triumph was alike our gain
With victor's palm or cross of pain.

"God gave us strength, it was his own,
And not a foe could crush it down.
And now in spreading Truth and Light,
Where wrong unchallenged claimed his right ;
In men enlightened, freed, restored,
We share the triumph of our Lord."

DEDICATION

LORD, with thy will I now agree,
My chiefest good is at thy side,
Thou art thyself enough for me,
My risen Saviour glorified.

My chiefest good is at thy side,
I daily take thy hand and say—
My risen Saviour glorified,
Choose thou my path and lead the way.

I daily take thy hand and say—
Lord, with thy will I now agree,
Choose thou my path and lead the way,
Thou art thyself enough for me.

BE SILENT, MY SOUL

(FROM THE DANISH)

BE silent, my soul ; be silent, my soul ;
In the fear of the Lord be thou still :
Be silent, for he is God, who will be
Thy Guide and thy Helper through ill.

Be silent, my soul, and wait on thy God,
Unchanging for ever is he ;
He is what he was, he abides what he is,
And all he has promised shall be.

Be silent, my soul, and wait on thy God :
He knows what will serve thee the best,
He orders it all that everything shall
Turn at last to thy comfort and rest.

Be silent, my soul, be still before God :
He knows,—and is caring for thee.
The world, is it wrong ? the way, rough and long ?
Still thy Rock and thy portion is he.

Be silent, my soul, and in Jesus abide ;
Ashamed nevermore shalt thou be,
Be patient awhile ; soon the light of his smile
In its glory shall shine upon thee.

THE LONGING

(FROM THE DANISH)

IN every heart an eager wish is burning,
Which after rest and peace is ever turning.
Yet, ah, how few this yearning rightly measure,
But think it can be stilled with earthly treasure.

And so, for wealth, or honour, they aspire,
And think, What more can any heart desire?
Yet deep within this yearning is unsleeping,
And in its golden chains the heart lies weeping.

Then on they rush where pleasure stands dissembling,
And dry the tears that in the eyes are trembling.
They dream they're glad, their eyes with joy seem burning,
Yet still unlessened lives the self-same yearning.

'Then sighs the heart, as at the point of breaking,
And yet it knows not wherefore it is aching.
'Tis Jesus knocks, an entrance now demanding,
And offering peace that passeth understanding.

And shall he, weary, wait without, unheeded,
While through the heart storms are by storms succeeded ?
Ye weary, welcome Jesus in your sadness ;
Find rest for restlessness, for grief find gladness.

THE WELCOME

Hour after hour we watched her as she lay,
Slow sinking into death in dreamless sleep,
And spake in useless whispers, and did weep
‘All silently around her bed that day,—
Till, sudden, as when evening’s latest ray
Breaks through the clouds, and gilds some lofty steep,
O’er all her face we saw a glory sweep ;—
And in its holy light she passed away.

But was it evening? nay! ’twas morning’s glow.
No light of setting suns was round her thrown ;
She left us where the lengthening shadows grow,
For where a shadow is a thing unknown,
The radiant light we gazed upon below
Was God’s first morning welcome to his own.

THE PROPHECY

I REST all satisfied in thee,
Creator, Saviour, and my heart,
Because thou dwellest there, can see
How good thou art ;
And yearns with longings uncontrolled
Into thy image, Lord, to grow :
Thy holy presence makes me bold,
And I believe it shall be so.

These quenchless longings are of thee,
Thy prophecy within my heart,
That, as I follow, I shall be
In every part
Changed to thy image day by day,
Each day attain that day's glad goal,
Each morn be eager for thy way,
Yet restful in thy strong control.

HE CAME TO BLESS US WITH HIS SMILE

He came to bless us with his smile,
As frowning winter passed away ;
He blossomed with the opening spring,
Nor ever knew a wintry day.

But as the year began to fade,
The leaves to fall and flowers decay,
He drooped and closed his happy eyes,
Ere he had known a wintry day.

With us the frost, the gathering gloom
And tempests roaring on their way,
But Christ has shielded him, and now
He ne'er can know a wintry day.

With us the gloom. O Lord, draw nigh,
Be with us on our darkened way ;
Thy touch can heal ; thy smile of love
Can turn to spring each wintry day.

THE PROPHET

A FRAGMENT

I MUST speak out the message God gives me ; to say
more or less
Were from pride, or from fear of the creature that fain
would repress
The strength of the Word of the Lord, and for fear of
their frown,
Whom the message assailed, make it soft, till the curse
should come down.
No ; let me strive, as they strove, God's prophets, and
wait and endure :
Say, fearless, "Thou art the man," to the proud or the
boor ;
"God's Word is against thy sin, and his judgments are
sure."

The praises of men are sweet. I know to my cost
How the strength of a message from God may be lessened
or lost,
And how smiles may defeat when all opposition has
failed,
And conquer the man with praise, who through fear had
not quailed.

As a man I have loved, as do others, the praises of
men ;

Dreaded hatred, scorn, and neglect, loved loving ; what
then ?

Above and atop of the wish, or the dread, or the fear,
Lives ever the thought of God, the God who lives here,
Yes, here in my heart of hearts, within me, not near.

Let me walk in the light of the Lord, let me live in his
power ;

And ready for instant service, equipped for the hour,
To speak to the few or the many whate'er he may send,
Or to sit in silence, and wait, and his power attend.

Let me live with my heart ever open to God and to man.
Living in human love, as I only through God's Spirit
can,

And knowing my strength is as nought, that the smile of
his face,

Which evermore lives in my heart, is the proof that his
grace,

Which answers my need, as a man, is to reach all the
race.

For God is the power that attracts every soul to his
throne,

Is our life, is our food and our strength, is our Saviour
alone.

And not unto me, by myself, unto myriads beside
Has his light and his power and his life to their weak-
ness replied ;

And this light and this love of my Lord receive still
richer glow ;
For what he has given to me, he waits upon all to bestow,
And what all the chief saints have attained, I, the
humblest, may know.

But not by tradition or teaching this knowledge is won ;
We can never imagine his light till our eyes see the sun,
And the hovering Spirit of God over chaos and night
Must speak into heart after heart his "Let there be
Light,"

Or the light that has reached to the spirit is broken and
drear,
Only reflected light whose shining lacks strength to cheer ;
Bright though it beam like the moon, yet the night is
still here.

Ah ! but the Word of the Lord is the birth of the soul,
And it opens its eyes to the morning ; no more the
control

Of the night, or of death, or of darkness ; the sun doth
arise ;

Clear and fair he may come, or clouds may darken the
skies,

What matters it? Morning has dawned ; its warmth
and its light

Shine in the new-born man, and bring him new strength
and new sight ;

And his face will be fronting the noontide, his back to
the night.

So may I speak, that the men who hear, as they think,
 my word,
May know in their inmost heart the clear call of the
 Lord,
For the love of the risen Christ goes out unto all,
And his love holds possession of me,—I would join in his
 call ;
So shall the word that they hear strike unexpectedly
 home,
And awaken their longing for God, as heedless they
 roam,
As the Word of their God and their brother entreats them
 to come.

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THE CHILD'S SONG OF ITS SHEPHERD

(FROM THE GERMAN)

SINCE I'm Jesus' little lamb,
Joyful evermore I am,
 In my Shepherd's love confiding,
 He, for all my wants providing,
Loves me every day the same,
Knows me, calls me by my name.

Under his protecting care,
I go in and out, and share
 Pastures green of unknown sweetness :
 Want I know not, but completeness ;
And, when faint with thirst, he brings
His lamb unto the water springs.

Who so happy, then, as I,
Little lamb with Shepherd by !
 When these happy days are ended,
 Glad, by angel bands attended,
Go I to my Shepherd's breast,
In his arms at home and blest.

TELL ALL THINGS TO JESUS

(FROM THE DANISH)

TELL all things to Jesus ; he knows thee, oh, so well :
He knows what thy wearied and anxious soul would tell,
And though thy friends, thy dearest, thy trouble may not
 see,
Yet Jesus is thy nearest, and he will comfort thee.

And is thy way lonely and thorny with care?
Oh, tell it to Jesus—he once has journeyed there.
Thy Friend, he'll not forsake thee, thou'lt lonely be no
 more,
For tenderly he'll take thee, and will thy soul restore.

The very smallest wee thing that ever troubles thee,
Oh, tell it unto Jesus, and he thy help will be.
For nothing is too little to lay upon his breast ;
No ! tell it but to Jesus, and thou shalt find his rest.

FAITH

(FROM THE DANISH)

As thy faith, so shall it be !
Little faith means small possessing ;
Fruits from teeming fields of blessing
Come, but find no room in thee.

As thy faith, so shall it be !
Is the Lord thy only treasure?—
Without ceasing, without measure,
Flow his riches unto thee.

“DEATH IS THE END OF DEATH”

—F. D. MAURICE

WHERE is the victory,
Death, thou art claiming?
How did the arrow speed
Thou hast been aiming?

It could not reach to her,
Only her prison ;
Glad through its riven door
She has arisen !

“Death is the end of death,”
Death no more liveth ;
Jesus, the risen Christ,
Victory giveth.

Thus in the light of God
Serves she for ever,
And without weariness
Rests in endeavour.

Love grows not less by love ;
 So her affection
For us she leaves behind
 Reaches perfection.

Though all we see of her
 Coldly is lying,
Though we catch not her song,
 Glad and undying,

She is not lost to us,
 Only preceding ;
Soon shall we see her in
 Glory exceeding.

All that we knew of her
 Beauty and sweetness,
Still is for ever hers
 In its completeness.

Whose is the victory ?
 Death, hast thou gained it ?
No ! with the risen Christ
 She has obtained it.

A CONTRAST

I LIE on my pillow waking,
And hear the dull moan of the sea,
Though the night is clear and cloudless,
And calm as a night can be ;

And the moonbeams upon the waters
Mark a path of rippling light,
Unbroken by waves or sea-foam ;
For the only sign of the night

Of the restless and heaving ocean
Is the long roll that breaks on the shore,
And, in breaking, remembers faintly
The storms it has known before.

I lie on my pillow waking,
And hear a weak infant's cry,
And the sound of a mother's love-music,
As she sings it a lullaby.

Its cry is of helpless weakness,
As the voice of the sea is of might ;
And I smile as its feebleness mingles
With the ocean's strength to-night.

But the infant so feebly wailing
Has life ; and is far above
The soulless sea ; and no tempest
Can conquer that mother's love.

THE LIPS ARE COLD

THE wind is wild ; at every blast
The torrent beats against the pane,
My heart, as oft in childhood, asks,
Tell me the story once again.

I tell the story once again,
I tell it in the words of old ;
Sad heart, why art thou not content ?—
The lips that told it once are cold.

The swelling sorrow in my heart
Still answers to the pelting rain,
And longing for the old-time cheer,
Sighs for the story once again.

I will not tell the tale again,
'Tis sadder than the tale untold ;
Thy sigh is not for empty words, —
The lips that told it once are cold.

THE BROOKLET

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE)

THOU sparkling little crystal rill,
That ever hastenest past me still,
I pause on thy green banks to know—
Whence cam'st thou, whither dost thou go?

In rocky caverns is my source,
By mossy banks and flowers my course,
Clear on my breast reflected, I
Bear the bright image of the sky.

This gives me childlike fancies rare,
I hasten on, I know not where ;
But he, who from the mountain-side
Hath called me forth, will be my Guide.

CHILDHOOD

OLD memories throng me, as I welcome thee,
And, as I press thy hand,
Our childhood's days come trooping back to me,
Days in that fairy land,

Where the pure healthful visions in our breast
Made all the things that be
But fancy's framework, whereon we might rest
A world we could not see.

What stalwart ships we built of tiny blocks !
Of seas we knew no more,
Than that the bed-posts and the chairs were rocks,
The sea,— the nursery floor.

The forts, the towers that we builded were,
To our imaginings,
Not simply piles, but all alive, astir,
With noble knights and kings.

We little knew of lost hopes unfulfilled ;
Our tin and wooden men,
Though in the battle's hottest conflict killed,
Still lived to fight again.

Upon each battle's doubtful issue, fears
And fates of empires hung,
Were not our chosen cherished heroes peers
Of all whom bards have sung?

It was not in the simple toys we had
To make our spirits bright,
Our quick poetic fancies made us glad,
And clothed all things with light.

Far other joys and griefs to us are borne,
Than any childhood knows ;
O'er the same stone that makes the brooklet mourn
The river calmly flows.

If with more silent yet with growing force
It floweth to the sea ;
The mightiest mountains cannot stay its course,
Or longing to be free.

No more shut in by trees that hang beside,
It flows on in the light ;
And, as it flows, reflects upon its tide
The heavens day and night.

Through storms and sunshine open to God's grace,
As years pass on, may we
See through each change the smiling of his face,
And in his love be free.

THE HAPPY ISLANDS

I SANG no song my wedding day
My bride was song enough for me ,
My lips refused to frame a lay,
Or stir the air to melody.

I was as one who, half asleep,
Half conscious of the things around,
Feels light between his eyelids creep,
And hears sweet echoes from each sound,

While fancy, active, buoyant, free,
Takes of the hints, half known, half guessed,
And sings the soul a melody
Of the fair Islands of the Blest.

How is it now? The years have flown,
The early dream long passed away,
How is it, that the dream has grown,
By happy contrast, cold and gray?

How? 'Tis because the day is here ;
With soul awake my love I see,
And fairest dreams could not appear
As bright as is the truth to me.

I live upon the Islands now,
I dreamed but in the harbour then,
The fragrant breezes fanned my brow,
The Truth was still beyond my ken.

TO A LARK

WHAT recks it to thee, so thy song be heard
By thy mate in her lowly nest—
What recks it to thee, so thy soul be stirred,
If none else hear thee? Thou, happy bird,
And thy loving mate are blest.

I too have one who will hear my lay
With a loving attentive ear,
And to her I sing thy song to-day,
“Arise, my love, night fades away,
The glorious morn is here.”

THE CRY OF PAIN.

MINGLING with earth's gayest laughter,
With the cries of greed and gain,
Mingling, ay ! and following after,
I can hear the wail of pain.

Now a curse, and now a sobbing,
Sometimes muffled, sometimes wild,
Now from lips in life's last throbbing,
Now with accents of a child ;

Everywhere the wail arises—
Crowded street and country lane—
To the few earth gives her prizes,
But to every one her pain.

Whose the guilt ? 'Tis man's own cursing ;
Man hath wrought it ; and its cure
Waits, till man, his course reversing,
Learns to love, and seeks the pure.

HER CHANGELESS LOVE.

AN artist's pencil well might trace
A speaking likeness of her face,
We might recount with tongue or pen
Her words and deeds of love, but then,
Though all her words were written down,
And every act of kindness shown,
Nor pen nor portrait could express
The secret of her loveliness,—
Her changeless love.

Her face is dear, her deeds well wrought,
Her words with grace and wisdom fraught,
But, deeper than all looks and speech,
Lies that which language cannot reach.
Each passing word, each homely deed,
Which careless strangers might not heed,
Is to my spirit's inward sense
More eloquent than eloquence
With changeless love.

Love that is true has birth in Truth,
And knows an everlasting youth :

And loving hearts will understand
Two joys that move on hand in hand :
The first is—I am loved : but this
Could not complete my happiness,
Till to the second I recur,
And know that I am loved by her
With changeless love.

MONT DORE

FAIR is the day, and, blowing pleasantly,
The gentle summer breeze
Fans the hot brow, and murmurs sighingly
Among the linden trees.

Rising above the vale, a mountain stands,
Lifting its peak in air,
Its lower slopes are happy garden homes,
Its summits bleak and bare.

A busy stream is rushing hastily
To turn the miller's wheel ;
So small, it needs its noisy voice full well
Its presence to reveal.

Calm is the scene, the only signs of life
Birds playing in the air,
And sounds of toil, which from their distance soothe
With sense of far off care.

I listen at my window for the sound,
That sweeter far will be,
Than all I see or hear,—the lumbering wheels,
That bring her unto me.

SO FAR AWAY

So far away,—
No word can come for many a day,
 And hearts may ache,
 And hearts may break,
And yet no news of ill awake
One answering sigh within her breast
For those on earth she loves the best,—
 So far away.

So far away,—
What does she think, or do, or say?
 Or ill or well,
 In danger's spell,
In joy or woe? We cannot tell,
For land and ocean's wide expanse
Withhold her from our longing glance :
 So far away.

So far away,
But love grows stronger every day.
 And cannot know
 Or ebb, or flow,

Or any change except to grow,
But evermore God's highway takes
From heart to heart ; a road that makes
Our loved ones never far away.

AN EARLY DEATH

“In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.”
—BEN JOHNSON.

LIKE a fair tree in fertile garden placed,
And watched with jealous care,
So he his home a little season graced,
And grew up tall and fair.

Nor was he rendered by the watching weak,
He knew to face the wrong ;
And still to serve his Master did he seek,
He loved, and he was strong.

They say a sound once uttered never dies,
Although it suffer change ;
But still through larger spheres its influence flies
With ever widening range.

So do his words and deeds of manly faith
Still live and work for God ;
And, Samson-like, he conquers more in death
Than when on earth he trod.

ON A DELICATELY CARVED BOX

THE wood itself was commonplace,
And lay in rubbish, void of grace,
Till one came, skilled its lines to trace.

The master saw it lying there,
Took it, and fashioned it with care,
And carved its lines and lace-work fair.

So, rightly used, our common cares,
Our daily routine home affairs,
Grow into beauty unawares.

Thrice happy they, who have the grace
To let heaven's beauty interlace
With lines of earthly commonplace.

THE LOVE OF HOME

On, ye who toil in weariness,
On whom earth's heavier duties press,
Who find no respite all the year
From to-day's burden, or the fear
Of what the morrow morn will bring
Of labour, loss, or suffering,
Whose noble spirits are at strife
With the dull treadmill of your life,
Tell me, whence have ye strength to bear
Your weight of daily growing care?

I read the answer in your eyes,
Before the slower tongue replies ;
Where there is one with sordid thought.
Whose work for self alone is wrought,
A thousand others gladly take
Their daily task up for the sake
Of those they love. It may be true
That self is seen in all we do ;
But love of home and kindred lies
More deep than self, and never dies.

FRANCIS XAVIER'S HYMN

(FROM THE LATIN)

MY God, I love thee : not to gain
Eternal joy, or rest from pain :—
Thou, thou, my Jesus, on the tree
Hast in thy love enfolded me,
Hast countless sorrows undergone,
The shame, the cross, the spear hast known,
And death—and all because of me,
Who spent my life in grieving thee.

How could I live, and not love thee,
So full of love, and love to me ?

Yes, yes, I love thee ; not to win
Thy bliss, or shun thy scourge for sin ;
No crown I seek, thee, only thee,
And, as thou, Jesus, lovest me,
So love I, and I must love thee ;
My King, my only King thou art,
The God of Heaven and of my heart.

A METRICAL ESSAY

SUGGESTED BY THE CONTEMPLATION OF THE
CHANGELESSNESS OF NATURE

O FRIENDS, whose thoughts in grief forbid
The lonely, fainting heart to pray,
Since that which once seemed light is hid,
And night, at length, has conquered day ;
And God, if God there be, is gone,
Lost in the universe he made,
Whose mighty forces still sweep on,
 Without his aid,
The whirlings of an ocean stream
So vast that aching eyes no more
May seek dim outlines of that shore,
Which rose so glorious to our dream ;
For Hope, at morn that soared so high,
Already falters in her flight :
The waste of water, waste of sky
 Oppress her sight ;
 No land is seen,
 No living green ;
Wearied she flutters home at night,
 To sink and die :—

My soul has heard
The hopeless word !
We see all forces changeless move
With nothing altered in their plan ;—
Has blindfold order ruled out love,
And rendered man
The plaything of the universe
With scarcely strength enough to curse ?

Must then our thought
So clip the wings of fancy and of faith,
So chill our soul to death,
And teach that he,
Man, through whose toil such beauties have been
wrought,
Is but a spray-drop dashed up by the sea,
Now sparkling in the light
Of rainbow beauties bright,
Only to fall a moment hence again,
Senseless to joy or pain,
Into the ocean of immensity,
Which after sunset rolls in starless night !

But in a quiet hour,
Forgetful of the schools and fierce debate,
I feel within myself the living power
To will, as well as act,
To make my thought a fact ;
Careless of fate,

I find my spirit must assent
To virtue's crown and evil's punishment ;
As dies the sound
Of voices that would prove my will is bound,
The spirit free
Asserts itself, and claims its liberty.
It lives, it works ;
No falsehood lurks
In Nature's heart.
Her frown, her smile
May grieve, beguile,
And little knowledge of her lead astray ;
We know but fragments of her perfect way ;
But Truth and she are one, and cannot part.

Behold a man !
The latest birth
Of glad life wedded to the earth ;
Behold him strong to think and plan ;
Naught too great and naught too small ;—
He must strive to grasp them all,
Counting earth a little thing,
Weighing stars, as he would weigh
Common things of every day,
And as king
Training every force, until
Each, like a well-trained steed, awaits his slightest will.

He is crowned a king, because,
Still a child at Nature's feet,

He is learning of her laws.
Is the circle incomplete?
Can thought unveil all causes, nor detect
That Thought is architect?

Midst a universe around,
Dread, profound,
Man alone
Self-conscious stands.
Nature known,
He finds that he
Is in himself a world of mystery,
Whose sweep expands
With mightier scope.
Thought and hope
Refuse to be confined,
And leave the stars behind,
And show that all the universe is less
Than righteousness,
While Love sits crowned, the one unconquered power,
Life's perfect flower.

Man, not content
With kingship for a day
O'er force that soon destroys him in its play,
Seeks a divine environment ;
His home is higher,
Not lower than himself. Shall he aspire,
Sending forth his cry
To the Most High

Into a pitiless universe,
Whose highest boon were then its deepest
curse?

Can Nature's heart
To what is best in man present no counterpart,
And Life and Love and Righteousness
Prove man is more, and God is less?

In man we see
A picture of how Life is free.
He can build up, or destroy,
Choose what he shall most enjoy,
Yet he no law of Nature breaks,
But ever follows, while he makes
Her strength his servant, and depends
Upon her changeless constancy
To make his will take shape and be.
And shall not God, with Nature changeless still,
The Central Life and Love, direct her force at
will?

When we turn to God,
Not in paths unknown,
Or ways untrod,
Uncertain and alone,
We wander far ;
The goal we seek for is the same
From whence we came.
We meet again the God of whom we are,
And find our needs the prophecy,

Begotten in us by his breath,
Of how his Spirit answereth
Our spirits, find our wildest cry
Is but an echo faint and dim
Of the strong Voice that comes from him,
The loving father of us all,
Who patient waits for our reply,
(With heart that cannot be content
With any child in banishment)
Eager, when for his Face we sigh,
How faint so'er that sigh may fall,
To read our answer to his call,
And quick respond with "Here am I."

What though in secret works the power,
What though no eye observes the hour,
When the surrendered spirit prays,
It mounts through stairways, else untrod,
From human weakness up to God,
For God himself comes down, and stays ;
Man is with God at one again,
And man through God omnipotent
Lays hold of him with love unspent
Through joy and pain ;
And all the force that else had been
To him a vast and dread machine
Is found with life instinct and free
Where he can walk at liberty,
And learn the meaning of his life,
The grandeur of his spirit's strife

Against the thrall of lower things,
And learn how One to him akin,
So full of care, so free from sin,
Still down the ages ever brings
The thought of God to human reach ;
The Word of God in human speech,
Reveals the throbbing heart laid bare
That the universe sustains,
And how the Source of Life must share
 Our joys and pains,
 Heed our prayer,
And with the strength of love must give
His life to us that we may live,
Because to us he reaches down,
Claims us as his very own,
Makes us with himself at one,
Till his life in ours is shown.

So through the Christ of Nazareth
The hieroglyphs of life and death,
With messages of love aglow,
 Are clearly read,
Their secrets through himself interpreted ;
So through the outward show of things
The patient Face of God
By those whose eyes are touched is seen
In mountain, lake, and sod.
Each gentle breeze his whisper is,
His voice the thunder's roll,

The rising sun his morning kiss ;
The raging winds that howl and hiss
Own his control.

No little sparrow to the ground,
Falls dead, but God is there ;
Nor aught in earth or sky is found
Without his care.

Each sigh of sinner or of saint
Must reach his heart ;
The wailing infant's sad complaint,
All tears that start,
He feels them his, and waits to bless
With all a father's tenderness.

What though with changeless will he moves,
And alters nothing of his plan,
Because he loves,
His plan allows for boundless change
Within its circle's mighty range.
The weakest who has learned his way
Has grasped a power that nought can stay ;
The strongest man
Is weak who dares to disobey.

Not for his own delight and good
Has Nature through the ages stood,
Changeless through all her changing forms,
Smiling through all her fiercest storms

In every mood,
Showing of God some aspect new ;
When understood,
We see through all that God is true ;
Love rules his plan,
Love is the secret of his will for man.

THE END

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